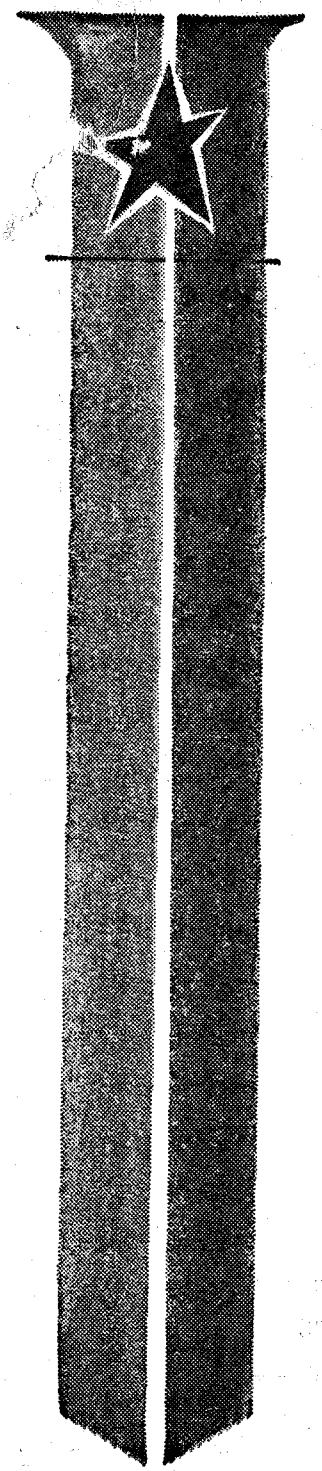
LABOR IN CUBA: *by Maurice Zeitlin*

THE NATION

OCTOBER 20, 1962 . . 25c



By a Former FBI Special Agent

HOOVER and the RED SCARE

Jack Levine

FAREWELL to the LIBERALS

A Negro View

Loren Miller

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LETTERS

Reform with a Big "R"

Dear Sirs: Blanche Blank's article, "Reform Politics: a Biopsy," [Sept. 29 issue] makes the naive assumption that procedural and substantive interests are mutually exclusive. Does she really think it possible for a club to attract several hundred members and function successfully for several years by offering nothing more than the struggle for the "all-engaging goal . . . procedural purity?"

Quite the contrary. The clubs that deem party reform essential to long-range liberal achievements are the very clubs that are most active in substantive areas, on local, city-wide and state-wide levels. I will single out two—the Riverside Democratic Club, which brought about significant changes in the city's crackdown on slum violations, and my own club, the Village Independent Democrats. VID's interest in housing has been demonstrated by sending delegations to Albany, testifying at city hearings, sponsoring rent clinics, saving homes from demolition, holding forums with top housing officials, and attempting to obtain vest-pocket, middle-income housing for Greenwich Village. . . .

A word is in order about my erstwhile co-leader, Mr. Lanigan. There is an implication in the article of a rational break with VID based on differences in philosophy. This is simply not the way it happened; in his campaign with me last year, Mr. Lanigan was an articulate spokesman for purity even to the point of formulating a party reorganization plan that would eliminate district leaders. Soon after losing his bid to become county leader, he began to lose interest in functioning on the club level, apparently deciding that it could no longer serve as a vehicle for whatever political plans he had. But far from discussing differences or suggesting changes in club policies, he remained agreeable till the sudden end.

Re the Farley matter: Miss Blank betrays her ignorance of the facts by alluding to a "reform club's cavalier refusal" to make Farley a convention delegate. One might as well talk about the voters' cavalier refusal to send Nixon to the White House! The club in question (*not* mine) ran its usual election for party posts with the usual speakers in behalf of candidates. Farley's known disapproval of this club's goals might just be the reason why members "cavalierly" elected someone more sympathetic to be their one delegate to the nominating convention.

Miss Blank's assertion that reform clubs do not really represent their districts is puzzling in view of her previous reference to the amazingly large turnout for the 1961 primaries. The fact that most reform clubs won by healthy margins in a large turnout ought to be proof not only that they do represent the overwhelming majority, but that they and the Wagner ticket received a very special mandate for reform.

CAROL GREITZER
Democratic District Leader
1st A.D. South, N.Y. County
New York City

Dear Sirs: Blanche Blank's article is the best on New York City's Democratic Reform Movement yet written. However, the article omits significant historical background. . . . In the first twelve years of its existence (1949 to July, 1961), when the Reform Movement grew from nothing to a significant minority, it concentrated on "big R" Reform, fighting to control the party and to liberalize its rules. It indicated little interest in government, which then seemed remote.

In the period since, during which the Reformers joined Mayor Wagner in his successful city-wide race, they approached control of the party in Manhattan and gained strength in other boroughs. City government became accessible. This led to the emergence of the "small r" reformers who have broadened their vision to encompass controlling government in behalf of substantive, liberal programs. The "big R" Reformers have not taken this forward step.

The "small r" group will increasingly provide the movement's leadership. The "big R" reformers, continuing to focus on party matters, will become less significant as they become more and more removed from the critical areas of struggle. JAMES S. OTTENBERG
New York City

Dear Sirs: The illness of reformers and Reformers both is signaled in the article by Miss Blank's terminology. . . .

What I am suggesting is that the New York City Reform Democrats can make progress only by emphasizing the *ends* of their endeavors—by becoming, in the new parlance, "issue-oriented." The issues—state, national and international—are not wanting: the arms race (what reformers have urged that the Governor of defense-industry-laden New York State initiate plans for conversion to a peacetime economy should disarmament come about?); civil rights; abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee, to mention just a few. Should the Reform Democrats move into the issue field, they can expect a massive influx of dedicated workers into their campaigns *and* day-to-day activities. Otherwise they will die far faster than Tammany. TODD GITLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Dedication to Failure

It is quite possible that if the United States had not organized — if that is the word — the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in April, 1961, Castro by now would be in such domestic trouble that no member of Congress would find it worth while to threaten him with a new invasion. Whether a second assault is contemplated "at this time," or some other time, a policy of "unremitting hostility" certainly has threatening connotations which fully justify, in Castro's eyes, the defensive measures which he has taken. "Mr. Kennedy's dilemma," notes the *Daily Telegraph* (London), "is that the mounting irritation of his countrymen pushes him to strong action against Cuba, while sound policy counsels restraint." It might be added that the mounting irritation is fanned by the press, using cold-war techniques now brought to such a high state of perfection. Newspaper readers who scan nothing but the headlines would not, for example, have an inkling of the fact that President Osvaldo Dorticos Torrado's speech to the General Assembly was, all things considered, quite a conciliatory speech in which the possibility of negotiation was repeatedly stressed. Even where this was noted in the press, attention from it was diverted by the play given to the disturbances of the anti-Castro claque in the galleries.

Here and there a sane voice may be heard amid the screams of the war hawks. For example, Malcolm S. Forbes, publisher and editor in chief of the financial journal that bears his name, urges us to think through the implications of a tight naval blockade and some of the other measures that have found eager advocates. What happens if a Soviet ship refuses to stop when a shot is fired across its bows? Do we sink it? That, of course, would be nothing less than an open act of war against the Soviet Union. Despite his earlier threats, Khrushchev might not trigger his ICBMs and blast New York and Washington off the map, to be followed shortly by our blasting his cities off the map. He could capture neutral opinion, and perhaps that of some of our European allies who lie in the shadow of Soviet rockets, by simply instructing his submarine commanders to sink American ships supplying our armed forces in Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, South Vietnam, South Korea and elsewhere in the world. The nuclear war might come later. In the meantime, how would we call him to account before the United Nations, when we would have started the sinkings because we objected to communism near our shores, just as the Soviets have been objecting to our bases on their borders—and have not gone beyond verbal protests for these past fifteen years? And if we invade Cuba again, why should not the Soviet Union invade Turkey, Iran and our other satellites?

Forbes denies, as *The Nation* and every level-headed military expert has denied in the past, that Cuba poses a military threat to the United States. The only threat Cuba poses is Red penetration of Latin America, and that not with arms, but with propaganda. Forbes does not say so, but everyone propagandizes: it is only that our propaganda sounds sweet in our ears, while theirs sounds execrable. If conditions to the south are so intolerable that the people turn to Castroism in desperation, Castro's propaganda may be the catalyzer, but the basic fault will be ours and that of the Latin American rulers whom we support.

Far more sensible than a policy of "unremitting hostility" are the efforts of James B. Donovan who, it now appears, has been acting as President Kennedy's agent in negotiations aimed at securing the freedom of the 1,113 prisoners who fell into Castro's hands in the Bay of Pigs invasion. If Kennedy can manage to channel federal funds toward this ransom, or indemnity, the war hawks will shriek even louder, but it would be a good investment. And if "unremitting hostility" can be stretched to allow negotiations for the return of the prisoners, why cannot differences no more vital be negotiated?

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Berlin: After November 6

Khrushchev has set so many time limits on the end of the West's occupancy of West Berlin that he probably cannot afford to retreat again. He is in much the same position as when, unable to tolerate continuance of the mass flight of East Germans to the West, he consented to the erection of the wall. By all indications, after the American elections he will sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany. What he will do by way of follow-up one cannot say without bugging the top conference room of the Kremlin, but it is clear that the situation will be even more dangerous than it has been in the past fifteen years of tension and wrangling.

The Washington Administration is likewise dug in. Before Kennedy, Eisenhower, and before Eisenhower, Truman, swore they would never abandon Berlin to the Communists. If this means military action, so be it. Since fighting the Red Army with conventional weapons is impossible, military action reduces to nuclear war. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara made this perfectly clear at his September 28 press conference following his two-day visit to Europe, which was itself a demonstration of determination to hold Berlin on our terms and at all costs. It is our policy, said McNamara, to use whatever weapons are required to protect our vital interests, and access to Berlin is a vital interest. McNamara made numerous references to the nuclear strength of the Third Armored Division and the aircraft of the Thirty-third German Fighter Wing, on strip alert and loaded with nuclear warheads; "these, of course, being in the custody of United States custodial personnel," he added. But reports circulating in Europe, very likely credited by the Kremlin, say that the United States is planning to turn over nuclear weapons to the West Germans, including IRBMs with a range of 1,500 miles.

So the two superpowers face each other. But for all their adamant resolution, each has a nightmare: World War III, waged all-out with their respective nuclear arsenals, would destroy most of Europe, starting with Berlin — and the United States likewise. So, by force of military circumstances, each hopes that the other will provide some opening which, if it does not result in a compromise, would at least postpone an acute crisis.

Not so the West Germans. If Willy Brandt's and Konrad Adenauer's proclamations are to be given any credence (even allowing for the phony morality with which all statesmen overlay their utterances), they have no nightmares at all. Brandt left his conference with President Kennedy breathing fire. Last week Kennedy sent a personal message to Adenauer urging that West Germany offer some initiative to solve the German problem. In his speech of October 9, at the opening of the West German legislative session, Adenauer stood pat. All he wants is free elections (with an automatic 3:1 West German majority even if all the East Germans voted for communism) and all the other shibboleths which John Foster Dulles, his dear departed friend, reiterated with the insistence of a stuck phonograph record from the end of World War II to the end of his life.

Yet, for those who are willing to take a fresh look, the materials for negotiation are there. *The Nation* (October 6, "A Burst of Sanity,") referred to the proposals of Geoffrey McDermott, British Minister in Berlin until last September, and now free to speak his mind.

In the London *New Statesman*, R. H. S. Crossman points out that the inflexible policy of the Bonn government can only result in "consequences for West Berlin's liberties . . . far more catastrophic than the erection of the Wall." The West Germans and West Berliners, he says, "are waging cold war against the German Democratic Republic under the protection of our troops." He reveals something that he, a member of Parliament and an expert on the German problem, did not know until he was in East Berlin recently. A whole series of concrete proposals have been made during the past twelve months by East German Oberbuergermeister Ebert for reducing tensions along the wall. All were rejected on the ground that the wall must come down first, East Germany must not be recognized, and the cold war must go on and on and on.

If there were in fact nothing to negotiate, the outlook would be bleak indeed. But the steady flow of suggestions and proposals, coupled with the Administration's attempts to prod the West Germans into taking some initiative toward negotiation, clearly demonstrates that it is the West German position, not the West Berlin problem per se, which appears to be non-negotiable. No one knows whether it is possible to negotiate a satisfactory new status for West Berlin, but everyone agrees that an effort should be made to find out — everyone, that is, except Dr. Adenauer and his advisers.

Member of the House

The death of Rep. Clem Miller, in a plane crash in California, brought the silence of sadness to this office. We knew Clem Miller as a reader, friend and preceptor. He felt — and he was right, of course — that something should be done to improve communications between Congress and the press; that the press did not always understand the legislator's problems and that the legislator was often at fault in not explaining the legislative process to newsmen. Over the years, he was for us a perceptive, thoughtful, kindly guide to Congress and the tribulations of its members. For some years we were privileged to receive the newsletter that he sent out to a select list of key supporters and friends. Fortunately a collection of these

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letters was published a week or so before his death (*Member of the House: Letters of a Congressman*, edited by John W. Baker, published by Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume will stand as a lasting testament to the depth of his understanding of Congress and its ways and his skill in communicating this often esoteric lore to the uninitiated. Flags should be flown at half-mast throughout the First Congressional District of California; it will be a long time before the district is represented by a better man than Clem Miller. In our book, he was a model of what a Member of the House should be.

The Sensitive Senator

Senator Barry Goldwater has had much to say about the "conscience of the conservative." Among the traditional virtues of the conservative, which his conscience obliges him to conserve, are poise, *sang froid*, clarity of purpose and willingness to take punishment as well as to inflict it. None of these admirable traits are exhibited in the uproar which Goldwater raised over an article in *The Gadfly*, a supplement to *The Colorado Daily*, campus publication of the University of Colorado. The article was written by Carl Mitcham, a senior who apparently took seriously the *Daily's* motto, "Seventy-first Year of Editorial Freedom."

On the basis of the Arizona Senator's foreign-policy views, Mitcham called Goldwater a "mountebank" and "no better than a common criminal." Perhaps worst of all, he compared the Senator's attitudes unfavorably with those of Henry Miller!

A controversy was raging at the time about the merits and demerits of the Colorado football team and no one paid any attention to Mr. Mitcham's wild swings — except Senator Goldwater. He viewed the matter as "very serious" and demanded apologies, which were offered by the editor of the paper, and by Quigg Newton, the president. This did not satisfy the august member of the most exclusive club in the world, who demanded Mitcham's expulsion, a change in the editorship of the paper and other punitive action unspecified. He was joined by campus conservatives and foes of the university administration, including Dr. Edward J. Rozek, a Hungarian refugee and associate professor of political science, who has been suing the university in connection with a grievance of his own. Thus reinforced, Senator Goldwater attacked President Newton, saying, "I doubt that you have either the interest or the concern to be in the position you hold."

Whether this tempest would have blown up in other than an election year is doubtful. Senator Goldwater took full advantage of a silly attack that was about on a par with a taxi driver's insults when someone cuts him off in traffic. But the Senator's own behavior was no better, and perhaps worse. What he and his crowd have done is to blow up the idiotic affair into a full-scale onslaught on "liberals," "Socialists" and "un-Americans." "I am far more concerned," he wrote Newton, "about the ability of people with un-American philosophy to have that philosophy displayed in the college press . . . than I am about what happens to me or my name. I have spoken with groups of some 250 colleges and schools in the country, and this is the only one where the Socialists, or whatever you care to call them, seem to have the ability to do what they want without censure."

The man who speaks in these bully-boy terms is not a conservative; nor does he understand, much less honor, the values upon which the genuine conservative tradition is based.

Elections in Name Only

This is an odd campaign, with apathy as the dominant feature. "President Finding It Difficult to Create Interest in Fall Races," reads the headline in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of October 8. In Minnesota, the President's reception varied, but in a number of instances his message seemed to fall flat. A possible cause is that he had no message, but only a simulation of one, and no appeal except to elect a Democratic Congress. But when the voters can't see much difference between Democrats and Republicans, why should they get excited?

Interest in politics comes from honest discussion, vigorous debate and clarity in the voters' minds, pro or con. To some extent this was exemplified in the case of Medicare. At least one knew where the contestants stood, and now the voters know whom to blame and whom to uphold. But as to Cuba, as one example, the Republicans attack Kennedy, but there is no *division*: most of the Republicans are just as afraid to advocate invasion as most of the Democrats; and, of course, neither party advocates negotiation. Unemployment crops up mostly in terms of a choice of alternative programs, such as a shorter week on the one hand and faith cures on the other. The discussion is involved with such questions as how to attract business to one state at the expense of another, when the real question is what to do about a chronic state of joblessness. Again and again pollsters report that voters are against *both* candidates. In most of these cases the voters show commendable insight.

Apathy in politics is a basic evil, but it should be blamed on the politicians, not on the voters. The thing to note about apathy is that it is always deserved. It is the inattention that people pay to those who have nothing real to say.

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HOOVER and the RED SCARE . . *by Jack Levine*

[*The author of this article, former Special Agent of the FBI, resigned voluntarily from that organization last year.*—ED.]

RECENTLY, at a Western States Democratic Conference, W. H. Ferry, Vice President of the Fund for the Republic, in the course of developing a thesis on myths which are impeding the country's efforts to come to grips with current problems, criticized FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover "for being as responsible as any person for keeping the Red poltergeist hovering in the national consciousness." Although the statement was only an insignificant part of a much broader theme, the repercussions from it testify to the raw-edged sensitivities aroused by any public discussion of matters touching upon our internal security. For several days, the incident received front-page attention in the nation's press; *Time* (August 17) gave it extensive coverage. Republican National Chairman William E. Miller branded the criticism of Hoover as "virtually traitorous."

At the conference the next day, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, apparently concerned with the adverse political consequences of the controversy for the Democrats, came to Hoover's aid. "A major reason for the numerical weakness and lack of broad influence of the Communist Party in the United States," he said, "is the dedication and effort of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. Those who dismiss the problem of Soviet espionage perform a disservice to the nation." The Attorney General's response, however, did little to resolve the question raised by Mr. Ferry: Does Communist subversion really represent a menace to our democratic institutions?

To begin with, a distinction must be drawn between the activities of American Communists and Soviet espionage agents operating here and the advances that the Communists have made in Berlin, Cuba, Vietnam and elsewhere. To attribute these "cold war" reverses to "traitors within our midst" (as right-wing extremists often do) is to compound the confusion which already exists. It is necessary to delimit the "threat from within" to its proper sources: the American Communist Party and Soviet espionage. How great is this threat? Is the current concern with Communist subversion justified? Does the FBI have the Communists and Soviet spies under control? Has J. Edgar Hoover given the American public all the facts?

IN THE 1930s and early 40s, the American Communist Party was a source of great concern. It boasted a membership of 80,000 Americans. It was electing candidates to public office and was active in fomenting strikes and spreading propaganda. Many idealists were lured into the party by the promises it held out for a more equitable social and economic order.

With the gradual realization that the Communist ideology was no panacea for the world's ills, the great disillusionment set in. The purges in Russia under Stalin, the Soviet-Nazi Pact, the ruthless suppression of the Hungarian revolt and other evidences of the disparity between Communist ideals and Communist practices, triggered a mass exodus from the American Communist Party. By 1945, its total membership, according to the FBI's own estimates, had dropped to 64,000 and has continued to decline at an accelerating rate: 1950, 43,000; 1955, 20,000; 1960, 10,000. At the present time, sources in the FBI place the numerical strength of the party at approximately 8,500—a figure that includes a large number of FBI informants. Today the most informed sources in the FBI consider that, as the result of the bureau's long and arduous struggle against the party, it no longer represents a threat to our national security.

In 1936, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, concerned with the increasing activities of the various subversive groups throughout the country, ordered the FBI to begin gathering intelligence information on them. At the outset, priority was accorded the Fascist groups, since Nazi Germany at the time seemed the more imminent enemy than Soviet Russia. After World War II, the FBI focused its full attention on the Communists.

SINCE that time, FBI agents have been engaged in seeking to identify the members of the American Communist Party. This is done by the utilization of various techniques of physical and technical surveillance, through information furnished by informants, from party membership lists, by evidence of attendance at party meetings and participation in suspected Communist-front organizations, from signatures appearing on petitions supporting Communist aims and purposes, and from subscription lists to Communist publications. More than one of the preceding factors must be present before the FBI will certify any individual as a Communist (although one factor alone is usually enough to identify a person as a "security risk," barring him from government service or any position involving access to classified information). Once a person is certified as a Communist, the FBI continues to develop all possible information on his party position and activities. In addition, much personal data is collected, such as a complete physical description of the individual, his occupation and skills, his habits, the names and addresses of friends and relatives, etc., so that he can be identified in the event he attempts to go "underground" and establish a new identity. Party members are under the constant surveillance of agents, informants and other sources of information. The FBI believes it has completed its documentation of

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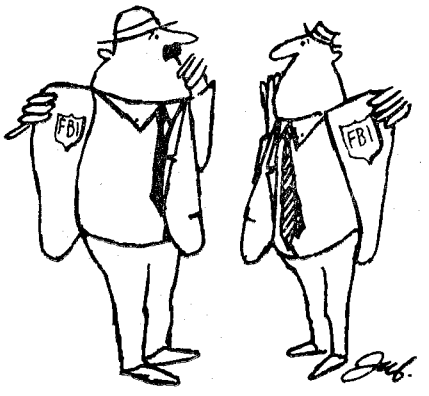
all current members of the party, and since party recruitment has dwindled to almost nothing, there is little difficulty in keeping abreast of new members.

WHAT does the FBI plan to do with its certified list of Communist Party members? Some are currently being prosecuted by the Department of Justice under the Smith Act and additional prosecutions under the McCarran Act will commence when—and if—the courts dispose of constitutional objections which have been raised. The Justice Department has started with the top Communists and is in the process of working its way down to the lower echelons.

In the meantime, the FBI has a well-developed plan to neutralize the sabotage potential of the American Communists should a U.S.-Soviet war seem imminent. With the declaration of the existence of a state of national emergency, and upon instructions from the Attorney General, Hoover will issue the order for "Operation Dragnet." Accordingly, FBI agents, with the cooperation of local police, will round up all Communists for internment in detention camps until the crisis is over. Because of the close surveillance maintained on party members, the bureau believes that they could be arrested within a matter of hours.

By 1940, the FBI strategists had become familiar enough with the methods of the Communists to appreciate their effectiveness. At top-level policy conferences that year, a long-range scheme to destroy the vitality of the American Communist Party gradually took shape. The bureau decided to try to beat the Communists at their own game of infiltration and subversion: The development of informants within the party was to be the instrument of its ultimate destruction.

At first, progress was slow. Before and during World War II, many American Communists could see no conflict between their party membership and their loyalty to the United States. However, when the warmth of our wartime alliance with Russia began to cool into the chill of the cold war, and Soviet conduct appeared to many to become increasingly aggressive, thousands of



Communists left the party. Many of these offered their services to the FBI as informants, and encouraged their friends to do likewise.

For party members who could not be cajoled into becoming informants by appeals to patriotism and reason, the bureau utilized other methods. Fear of criminal prosecution under the various internal-security laws has been an important factor in making some Communists see the error of their ways. There was also the possibility of publicly embarrassing Communists by leaking their names to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Those obdurate enough to survive these pressures could sometimes be forced into cooperation through economic duress. Even Communists have to eat and pay the rent; for those not self-employed, or who are not working for other Communists, a phone call from the FBI to an employer could result in chronic unemployment.

Over a prolonged period of time, tactics such as these can break down the resistance of even the most dedicated Communists. *Today, the FBI has nearly 1,500 informants in the Communist Party—a ratio of one informant for every 5.7 members.*

BY 1960 the end of the Communist Party: U.S.A. as a viable organization was already in sight. In a highly confidential memorandum to all bureau offices, Hoover announced that the development of additional Communist Party informants, except at the highest policy-making levels, would serve no useful purpose. This decision was motivated by a number of factors. First of all, the bureau had discovered that the informant system had at last reached the point of diminishing returns; informants were duplicating one another's reports. Secondly, in order to protect identities, no informant was told by the bureau who other informants were; as a result, informants began informing on one another with increasing regularity. Thirdly, the informants' payroll grew to the point where it constituted a severe drain on FBI appropriations. Moreover, it was a source of some anguish to the bureau that, through its dues-paying FBI contingent, it had become the largest single financial contributor to the coffers of the Communist Party.

The bureau's penetration of the party now extends from the lowest echelons, where the concentration of informants is highest, up to and including the highest levels. Indeed, one FBI informant was recently assigned by the party to act as a security officer for the purpose of weeding FBI informants out of the membership! The FBI promptly gave this man instructions to "frame" loyal party members and to "clear" disloyal ones—FBI informants—for party promotions.

The current situation in the American Communist Party poses an insoluble problem for its aging, hard-core leaders like Gus Hall, Benjamin Davis and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. As membership continues to decline and the percentage of informants increases, the day will soon come when FBI informants, who are rising rapidly to the top, will capture complete control of the party.

The supervisor in charge of the Communist Party Desk at bureau headquarters in Washington, D.C., during a briefing of agent personnel on recent party developments, summed up the current situation: "The Communist Party: U.S.A." he said, "has long ago become a paper tiger. The hard-core members have been reduced in size to a manageable bunch of harmless crackpots. We here at the bureau are starting to feel sorry for them."

ARE THERE really Soviet spies running loose in the United States? Of course there are—and there is little that the FBI can do about them. By this I mean that 95 per cent of Soviet espionage here is conducted legally and above board. A veritable

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wealth of strategic information is readily available to anyone in the United States who seeks it—including Soviet agents. The locations of our guided-missile sites, our military installations, our research laboratories and our defense plants are no secret. The activities at these facilities are usually reported in the daily press. Information on new weapons systems and industrial processes can often be obtained from scientific, technical and trade publications which are available to all. Maps and information regarding business and industry for every city and town in the United States can be had by dropping a postcard to the appropriate Chamber of Commerce. We, in America, who live in a free and democratic society, are at a severe disadvantage in espionage competition with the Soviets. (At a diplomatic reception in Moscow shortly after the downing of Francis Gary Powers' U-2 plane, an American official was reported to have told a Soviet official: "If our people here had the same access to information which your agents have in the United States, the U-2 would be entirely unnecessary.") However, to correct this imbalance would require the imposition of security and travel restrictions that would make life here as intolerable as it is for many who live behind the iron curtain.

THE established base for the Soviet espionage network in the United States has long ago been shifted from the Communist Party to the diplomatic, trade and press delegations which the Soviet bloc countries maintain here. At one time, party members were of considerable help to Soviet agents. But now, as the FBI has learned from interrogating defecting Soviet agents, spies trained at Soviet espionage schools for assignments in the United States receive stern instructions to stay clear of American Communists. Soviet spies have learned that to contact a party member is the surest way to invite detection by the FBI. The bureau's complete penetration of the party has forced the Soviets to rely almost exclusively on their own nationals for recruiting agents and for the establishment of espionage networks, thus making things easier for the bureau's counterespionage activities.

The official Soviet establishments here — the Soviet Embassy, the UN delegation, the Amtorg Trading Corporation and Tass — serve as communications centers for the transfer of intelligence to the Soviet Union. It is for this reason that most Soviet officials are under twenty-four-hour surveillance by bureau agents. Every suspicious contact made by these potential spies is assiduously checked out by the FBI; concealed, long-range cameras are constantly clicking in front of all Soviet establishments; incoming and outgoing mail is carefully watched. Telephones of Soviet officials are "tapped" and "bugging devices" are strategically planted, whenever possible, by agents disguised as painters, plumbers and maintenance men.

The Russians, of course, are aware of these counterespionage activities and rarely do these efforts result directly in the detection of clandestine Soviet agents or couriers. However, the FBI by these means does make Soviet espionage and communications more difficult; and it is true that, as the spy game becomes more involved, likelihood increases that the spying country will make errors.

Through the years, the Soviets have attempted to place highly trained espionage agents in this country who have no connection with official Soviet establishments. These "sleeper agents," who establish themselves here with forged travel and identification papers, remain inactive until they are needed. Their purpose is to insure the continuity of espionage operations, which would otherwise be disrupted should Soviet diplomatic and trade mission officials be sent home in the event of hostilities between the Soviet Union and the United States. However, since the outbreak of the next war will probably give no one time to do anything except to make a quick dash to the nearest fallout shelter, the FBI feels that these Soviet efforts have been largely wasted.

WITH THE possible exception of master spy Col. Rudolph Abel (who had been offered lucrative jobs by both the FBI and the CIA), the counterespionage specialists at FBI headquarters have not been too impressed with the caliber of the known Soviet agents. Examples of Soviet bumbling have been frequent. Not long ago, a Soviet espionage agent, en route from Russia with forged identification papers, was detected by an alert customs official while attempting to enter this country from Canada via the Detroit-Windsor tunnel. This Soviet agent had been born and raised in a Detroit suburb and had been taken to Russia by her parents some twenty-five years earlier. Now, having completed an extensive espionage course at a spy school in Russia, she was returning to establish an identity here and to serve the Russians as a "sleeper agent." When asked routinely by the customs official for her place of residence, she gave the name of the town in which she had been born. Unfortunately for her, that town no longer existed, having been engulfed some two decades or more earlier by the spreading metropolis of Detroit. The customs official put two and two together and notified the FBI.

In a very recent case, two Soviet spies employed at the United Nations were unsuspectingly fed useless information for three years by a young New York lawyer under the FBI's supervision. In the course of this cloak-and-dagger routine, the Russians were bilked out of $3,000 in payments to the "spy."

THERE can be little doubt that the FBI has been amazingly successful in its operations against the Communist Party and Soviet spies, but its accomplishments for the most part have been withheld from the general public. It is the belief of many in the bureau that this "modesty" is largely attributable to policy decisions made by Hoover based on the theory that support for the bureau's activities in this highly sensitive sphere can best be obtained by convincing the public that the enemy is still among us, powerful and dangerous as ever. Hoover's (public) exaggerations of the "threat from within" may also be due, it is felt, to the Director's desire to safeguard the stature and autocratic powers he has gained as the country's No. 1 protector against communism. Belittle the dragon and you belittle St. George.

Thus, the FBI Director's public

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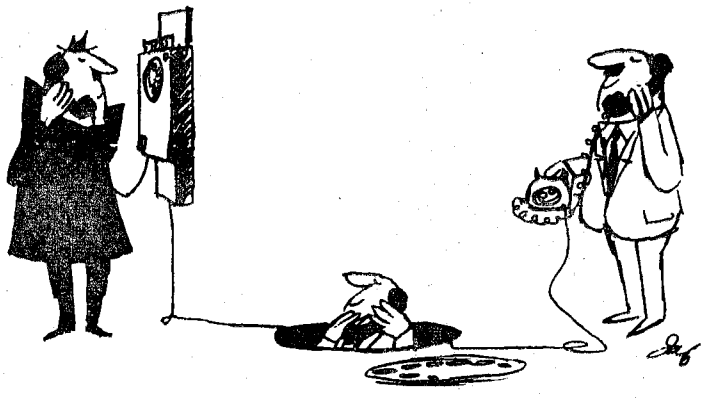
statements generally include such exhortations as, "We must continue to stiffen our national backbone in dealing with the Communists and their dupes, sympathizers and apologists"; "The Communist Party in this country has attempted to infiltrate and subvert every segment of our society"; "The Communist threat from within . . . is reaching into the very heart of America through its espionage agents and a cunning, defiant and lawless Communist Party which is fanatically dedicated to the Marxist cause of world enslavement and destruction of the foundations of our Republic"; "If we relax our guard for one moment we court national disaster."

In the past, these stratagems have served Mr. Hoover's parochial interests quite well. However, it is now generally recognized that, by exaggerating the "threat from within," Hoover has helped to create a "Frankenstein monster" in the form of a right-wing hysteria intent upon destroying anything that smacks of liberalism or social progress. It is the belief of many observers in the bureau that, in the course of events, Hoover and the Far Right have developed a mutual vested interest in maintaining the myth of extensive Communist subversion. Some have



noted that the FBI Director has come to lean heavily on right-wing support for the perpetuation of his thirty-eight-year-old dynasty.

RECENTLY there have been some indications that Hoover has at last recognized that the emotionalism generated by the right-wing extremists may be getting out of hand. Thus, in the Director's most recent book, *A Study of Communism* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), he cautions his reading public with the admonition that "Reckless charges against individuals and false statements about the nature of Communism and the extent of its penetration into various areas of our life serve the cause of Communism by creating disunity among Americans."

Unfortunately, this warning comes too little and too late to undo the damage already inflicted through the years on countless individuals whose reputations and loyalty have been maligned by the irresponsible devotees of "McCarthyism." Even more important than this is the incalculable price that America has had to pay in thought conformity — the natural result of the fear and suspicion which the "super-patriots" have engendered.

Established myths, of course, die slowly, and the prognosis for the "Red scare" is that it will be with us for a long time to come. Professional anti-communism has become so important a part of the American scene that it is likely to outlast the American Communists.

FAREWELL to LIBERALS: a Negro View . . .

Loren Miller

LIBERALS who were shocked or surprised at James Baldwin's recent statement that Negroes "twenty years younger than I don't believe in liberals at all" haven't been doing their homework. Discontent with the liberal position in the area of race relations has been building up for the past several years. Of course there are liberals and liberals, ranging from Left to Right; still, there does exist a set of beliefs and attitudes, not easily defined but readily identified, constituting the liberal outlook on the race question. Simply stated, it contemplates the ultimate elimination of all racial distinctions in every phase of American life through an orderly, step-by-step process adjusted to resistance and aimed at overcoming such resistance. In the field of constitutional law, the classic liberal position, exemplified in the Supreme Court's "all deliberate speed" formula of the school-segregation cases, requires and rationalizes Negro accommodation to, and acquiescence in, disabilities imposed because of race and in violation of the fundamental law.

On his part, the Negro has to put up with such practices, but he cannot admit that they have constitutional sanction; to do so would be to give away his case and knuckle under to the revisionist theory that the Civil War Amendments conferred less than complete equality under the law. The liberal sees "both sides" of the issue: the force of the Negro's constitutional argument and the existence of customs, sometimes jelled into law, that justify the gradualist approach. He is impatient with "extremists on both sides."

The Negro is outraged at being called an extremist. Since he takes

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the position that the Constitution confers complete equality on all citizens, he must rest his case on the proposition that there is only one side: his side, the constitutional side. That his attitude in that respect is firming up is evidenced by the fact that Negro spokesmen who once won applause by claiming that their activities made for progress in race relations are being elbowed aside by others whose catchword is Freedom Now. "We want our Freedom Here; we want it Now, not tomorrow; we want it All, not just a part of it," Martin Luther King tells receptive audiences. Whoever opposes, or even doubts, that doctrine is cast in the role of a foe, whether he calls himself conservative or liberal. The middle ground on which the traditional liberal has taken his stand is being cut from beneath him.

Every civil-rights victory adds to the Negro's intransigence; he becomes ever more impatient and demanding. To the extent that this attitude tends to precipitate racial conflict, a substantial number of liberals shy away. As they see it, their role is to ease, not heighten, racial tensions while they create a climate in which progress is possible. But the new militants don't want *progress;* they *demand* Freedom: "The courts take time and we want Freedom Now—Today," the Rev. Ralph Abernathy told cheering Georgians last month. Abernathy's cry, echoing King and the student leaders, underscores the strong trend away from dependence on legalistic methods and, equally important, implies rejection of the dogma that racial reforms must await a change in the hearts and minds of men — the so-called educational approach that once numbered many adherents.

THE swing away from major reliance on legal methodology and the educational approach poses new problems for liberals. It was easy and comfortable to wait for the filing of civil-rights cases or proposals for anti-discriminatory legislation and then lend support to those causes, or an even greater mark of liberalism to initiate them. However, the persistence of discriminatory practices in the wake of the NAACP's sweeping court victories which have destroyed the legal base of the Southern segregation system, and in the face of an upsurge of civil-rights legislation in the North, has shaken the faith of the Negro in the efficacy of the law. It is significant that King abjures his followers to disobey "unjust laws" and ironic that some segregationists, harried by the direct actionists, now argue that racial issues should be left to the courts. The plea for civil disobedience flies in the face of liberal doctrine of respect for the law; direct action in the form of sit-ins or stand-ins is seen by many as raising grave questions as to infringements of personal and property rights.

THE LIBERAL dilemma does not spring solely from doubts as to the advisability of direct action or the disobedience doctrine. The hard core of the difficulty lies in the circumstance that in the eighty years since the failure of Reconstruction, racial discrimination has become deeply rooted and thoroughly institutionalized in governmental agencies (local, state and federal), in the civil service and in churches, labor unions, political parties, professional organizations, schools, trade associations, service groups and in that vast array of voluntary organizations which play such a vital role in our society. Racial discrimination can't be uprooted unless governmental agencies are administered with that purpose in mind and unless voluntary organizations exert constant and consistent pressure to that end on local, state and federal governments, and at the same time accord Negroes all of the privileges and benefits that accrue from membership in such organizations. Those requirements aren't being met. Negroes are dismayed as they observe that liberals, even when they are in apparent control, not only do not rally their organizations for an effective role in the fight against discrimination, but even tolerate a measure of racial discrimination in their own jurisdictions.

Again, the liberal is restrained by his historical choice of seeing "both sides" of the issue. He understands the justice of the Negro's claim, but he argues that as a responsible administrator, he must reckon with deep-seated resistance to quick change and with the breakdown that might follow precipitate disruption of institutionalized practices. He may vacillate, as the President has done in the case of the Executive housing order, in an attempt to coax a consensus favorable to a change in policy. In any event, he is not, he says, as free as the Negro thinks; he must gauge the situation and settle for progress in the face of Negro clamor for immediate action.

Take the case of a liberal administrator of a government agency. He may owe his eminence to a political victory insured by a four- or five-to-one vote cast by urban Negroes. He now finds himself head of an agency mired in civil service and hobbled by a heritage of discriminatory practices. His underlings are apt to be wedded to that past; they helped frame the rules. He is a new broom that can hardly sweep at all, let alone sweep clean. Ordinarily, he appoints a few Negroes and institutes such reforms as will not call down upon his head the wrath of Congress, the state legislature or the Chamber of Commerce. Not personal cowardice makes him fear that wrath, but concern lest the opposition—through a crippling withdrawal of funds from his agency, perhaps—might make *all* reform impossible.

He may have done the best he could, but he hasn't endeared himself to Negroes, who contrast performance to pre-election speeches and campaign promises.

CIVIL SERVICE is a trap for unwary Negroes who enter it and find themselves frozen in its lower reaches. The United States Civil Rights Commission has found that, just as in private industry, there are "Negro" jobs and "white" jobs with Negroes at the bottom of the civil-service heap. The liberal who comes to head a civil service-staffed department of government is caught in a web of rules and regulations deliberately designed, in some instances, to institutionalize racial discrimination, or having that effect. Again there may be token appointments and token promotions, but the establishment yields slowly. The Negro looks for results and what he sees often makes him take the cynical position

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that the liberal differs no whit from his conservative predecessor.

Or take the situation in the AFL-CIO, where discrimination is rife in craft unions. The federation professes an inability to compel constituent unions to abandon time-honored racial practices. That is bad enough. What is worse is the stance of liberal-led industrial unions. The Steelworkers maintain Jim Crow locals in the South, where union halls double in brass as meeting places for White Citizens Councils. It is an open secret that Negroes have next to nothing to say in the policy-making bodies of unions, craft or industrial, on local, state or national levels. When the Pullman Porters' A. Philip Randolph, the only Negro member of the AFL-CIO Executive Board, urged reforms in federation, George Meany, described in labor circles as a liberal, shouted at him, "Who the hell gave you the right to speak for Negroes?" and accused him of attacking the labor movement. The Executive Board, at Meany's urging, then censured Randolph for anti-union activities — without a dissent from such liberals as Walter Reuther or David Dubinsky. Randolph's answer was the formation of a *Negro* labor council; he was denounced again by labor leaders of all shades of opinion on the ground that he was fathering "Jim Crow in reverse." Yet for many years, the AFL-CIO has thrown its official weight behind state and federal fair housing, fair employment and other civil-rights legislation and has assisted in tests of segregatory laws.

AN examination of the practices of other voluntary organizations, including churches, would produce a similar yield of institutionalized discriminatory practices. In almost every case in which the leadership of such organizations is classified as liberal, there has been announced public support of civil-rights objectives. Everybody seems to want everybody else to practice what he preaches and nobody seems to be able, or willing, to practice what everybody else preaches.

It is very easy to charge hypocrisy in the situation, but what is really at play here is a cleavage between the burgeoning Freedom Now thinking

of the Negro and the old progress concept to which liberals still cling. That conflict flares into the open when liberals exercise the prerogative, long held by them, of speaking *for* the Negro, and of espousing views which the Negro is abandoning. The liberal custom of speaking for the Negro is rooted in history; there was a time when the Negro needed spokesmen. Inevitably, a measure of paternalism and a father-knows-best attitude developed. But as the Negro becomes more articulate and discerning, he insists on voicing his own aspirations, particularly in the light of what he regards as the shortcomings of liberal leadership.

WHEN THE Negro insists on speaking for himself, the rebuffed liberal may shout as Meany did at Randolph that the dissenters are agitators or trouble makers (another replication, in a liberal context, of a familiar Southern cliché). Others take the tack popularized by John Fischer in *Harper's* and, transforming themselves into spokesmen for all whites, issue stern warnings that discrimination will prevail until all Negroes conform to middle-class standards of morality — a cozy variant of the theme that all Negroes are chargeable with the sins of every Negro. Negroes aren't dismayed at the opposition to their taking matters into their own hands. Detroit Negroes, led by unionists, revolted against the UAW's mayoralty endorsement in that city and turned the tide against the union's choice; the NAACP and the AFL-CIO are increasingly at odds over the treatment of Negroes in the labor movement; Roy Wilkins defended bloc voting by Negroes in his Atlanta keynote speech. Muslims are drawing substantial urban support by proposing to have done with all "white devils."

There is a growing cynicism about the current stress being laid on absolute fairness in public and private employment and in political appointments — beginning as of today. The Negro wants a little more than that. One hundred years of racial discrimination have produced a wide gap between him and white Americans. The Negro wants that gap closed in political appointments, in civil service, in schools and in private industry. He sees no way to close it unless he gets preferential treatment. Logic favors his position, but such a proposal runs into opposition from those who argue, correctly, that preferential treatment cannot be extended to a Negro without impinging on the personal rights of the white person over whom he will be preferred.

IN TRUTH, the impasse between liberals and Negroes is the end-product of a long historical process in which Americans of African, or partially African, descent have been treated as Negroes rather than as individuals, in legal lore as well as in popular concept. But constitutional protections run to persons — individuals — rather than to groups; American idealism exalts the individual and insists that group identification is an irrelevance. The liberal's historic concern is with individual rights and he seeks to apply that formula in the area of race relations. The Negro, whose ultimate ideal is the attainment of the right to be treated as an individual without reference to his racial identification, sees his immediate problem as that of raising the status of the group to which he has been consigned by popular attitude and action and by laws which permit racial classification. The liberal sees progress in the admission of a few select Negro children to a hitherto white school; the Negro wants all

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Negro children admitted and spurns the concession as mere tokenism.

The Negro's quarrel with liberal leadership does not portend his subscription to conservative or radical philosophies of race relations. Indeed, the Negro revolt, as Louis Lomax has pointed out, is a rebellion against white leadership, whether that leadership is asserted directly or filtered down through Negroes who accept it. There is a certain irony in the fact that liberals are the targets of Negro displeasure precisely because of their long association in the quest for equality. It is the ally, not the enemy, who gets the blame when the alliance fails to gain its objectives. Rejection of liberal leadership does not mean that Negroes do not want, and expect, continued liberal aid. But they want it on their own terms and they are too sophisticated to believe that liberals can resign a battle involving fundamental equalitarian issues out of pique at the rejection of their leadership.

It is against this background, and to some extent because of it, that the young Negro militants "don't believe in liberals at all." Profoundly influenced by the overthrow of white colonialism in Asia and Africa, they not only want Freedom Now, but insist on substituting a grand strategy for the liberal tactics of fighting one civil-rights battle at a time. They are determined to plot the strategy and dictate the tactics of the campaign. The details of the grand strategy haven't been blueprinted as yet, but in bold outline it calls for direct action by way of sit-ins, stand-ins, kneel-ins, boycotts, freedom rides, civil disobedience and as-yet-unheard-of techniques as the occasion demands, with resort to legal action when expedient—all under Negro leadership, all calculated to produce immediate results. Heavy stress is being laid on voter registration in the Deep South and it is significant that student leaders make no bones about the fact that *Negro* voting is seen as a device to elect *Negroes* to public office. The very choice of weapons, incidentally, requires action by Negroes. Only Negroes can desegregate a cafe or a hotel or an airport by a sit-in, or a beach by a wade-in, or a church by a kneel-in or withdraw Negro patronage through a boycott.

IT WOULD not be accurate to say that the direct actionists speak for all Negroes under all circumstances. It is fair to say that their philosophy is ascendant, that their influence is becoming pervasive and that their voices are heard with increasing respect and diminishing dissent in Negro communities. Those voices are harsh and strident, and jarring to the liberal ear. Their message is plain: To liberals a fond farewell, with thanks for services rendered, until you are ready to re-enlist as foot soldiers and subordinates in a Negro-led, Negro-officered army under the banner of Freedom Now.

LABOR in CUBA . . *by Maurice Zeitlin*

IT IS NOW two years since the Cuban Revolutionary Government nationalized American-owned commercial and industrial enterprises in Cuba, thus establishing a social structure unique in the Americas. For the past several months, the Cuban economy has been experiencing its gravest difficulties since the revolution came to power. The 1962 *zafra* (sugar harvest) fell below expectations and prevented Cuba from meeting certain international market obligations. There are severe scarcities in foods and consumer goods; the transportation and internal distribution systems are inefficient, while the receipt, storage and distribution of goods from abroad have both tragic and comic aspects. A recent government investigation disclosed that literally tons of drugs and medicines spoiled on Cuban docks because of Cuban ignorance of Soviet medical terminology. Furthermore, one reason for Cuba's population boom is a Czech shipment of 10,000 automobile gaskets instead of the contraceptive diaphragms ordered by the Cubans.

THE SHORTAGE of those raw materials and spare parts which once came almost entirely from abroad —primarily from the United States —has begun noticeably to affect production in certain industries. Soft-drink factories are producing only two or three drinks—with "Coke" and "Pepsi" bottles both containing the same local lemon drink. The hops and malt whose importation require the expending of valuable foreign exchange are now being ordered in quantities sufficient only to keep the breweries operating. Textile factories are suffering from shortages of materials, dies and machine parts. Some hard-fiber and leather-goods factories have shut down completely; many others are not reaching even minimal production goals. A huge Westinghouse turbine at the Havana (Regla) oil refinery (formerly Esso) broke down some time ago and has been useless since. Workers throughout the island told us of occasional slowdowns in their plants resulting from parts deficiencies and raw-material shortages. Such difficulties affect not only the economy, but also the workers' morale.

The problem of absenteeism continues to plague much of Cuban industry—one result of the fact that while workers are earning more (because they are now working more regularly), they have little on which to spend their earnings. Moreover, the tradition of absenteeism, especially in the mines, is strong. Until

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now, no special sanctions have been imposed to curb absenteeism, but there is talk that this may yet come.

DESPITE these difficulties, gross industrial production (excluding the agricultural sector) has grown at an average annual rate of 7 per cent since January, 1959, according to "Ché" Guevara, Cuban Minister of Industries. The enthusiasm of the Cuban workers for their revolution continues to be evident. In talks with them throughout Cuba, we were told many times that their babies were "a gift of the revolution"; they could now afford to support an additional mouth. One worker said: "Now somebody comes to the door to visit, am I ashamed? I turn him away now in humiliation like before? No. We spread out a dinner of plenty of bread, *arroz y frijoles, calabaza* [a kind of squash], even some meat, maybe. That is the truth."

Medical care is available either free or at a nominal cost to most Cubans; and although drugs are scarce, they are, at least, uniformly and moderately priced by the Ministry of Public Health, and in each case the price is printed plainly on the label.

Rents are low; the typical unionized worker spends one-tenth of his monthly earnings on rent for a "house" or "apartment" (many of these are one- or two-room deteriorated quarters without electricity, running water or sanitation facilities) which he now owns or will own in a few years thanks to the Urban Reform Law. Construction of two- and three-room rural houses for agricultural workers, *campesinos,* and workers in the sugar refineries continues throughout the island (obviously, however, the majority of the *campesinos* still live in the pre-Columbian mud-floor thatched hut of a style inherited from the ancient Indians).

Utility rates were all greatly reduced early in 1959, and there is no minimum charge for gas or electricity as there was before the revolution. Workers' centers, beaches, resorts (the fancy Varadero resort costs a worker $14.50 for his wife and family for a week's vacation), children's nurseries for working mothers, new schools and classrooms are other tangible if indirect increments to the real income of the Cuban worker.

Of dramatic importance also is the significant gain in employment. According to their own testimony, most workers are now employed much more regularly and, despite the wage freeze, earning more than before the revolution. For the first time in their lives, many have begun to open savings accounts—something very much encouraged by the government in signs posted everywhere:

> Open a savings account. Reduce the flow of money in the market which induces greater scarcity. Put your money to work for your future and the future of your country.

In the past few months, the Ministry of Public Health completed a campaign of innoculation against polio and it is presently engaged in a campaign against gastroenteritis—the gravest killer of newborn infants in Cuba. Billboards which used to advertise Coca Cola or toothpaste are now used to warn against leaving garbage without covers, to instruct in the boiling of water and milk, and the scouring of utensils.

ESPECIALLY important is the immeasurable gain for that one-fourth or more of the Cuban population, previously illiterate, who can now (with effort, assuredly) read and write simple sentences. The evidence of the real accomplishments of the education campaign can be seen everywhere one travels in Cuba. We spent at least one day in each of twenty-one widely separated factories throughout Cuba's six provinces; and each factory had a class functioning to raise the minimal level of the worker's education to that of the third grade *(seguimiento)* or the sixth *(superación obrera).* Courses in *mínimo técnico,* offering basic technical information and training to workers, are also attended regularly. Official, but unpublished, statistics of the Ministry of Industries say that some 72,000 industrial workers are enrolled in these technical courses (though figures on *attendance* are not available)—approximately one-third of the 200,000 industrial workers employed in factories directed by the Ministry of Industries. Some 26,000 workers are enrolled in *superación obrera,* but only 11,000 attend regularly.

THESE COURSES are by no means mere propaganda, although that is assuredly present. Each class must get ten minutes of political instruction, as the special booklet of instructions for teachers in *El Seguimiento* points out, concerning such

> . . . matters as popular mobilizations, revolutionary slogans, goals of production for the union, emulation, and facts about the center of work. . . .

The introductory textbook in *seguimiento,* in the section on geography, teaches not only such interesting facts as that Cuba is an archipelago rather than an island, but also that

> Imperialism resorts to an economic blockade and military aggressions

"Stop threatening me!"

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against our country in order to bridle the Revolution. But our people have said that *they will not retreat and that they prefer to die standing than to live on their knees.*

A test question in the course in Spanish asks:

> Why, if Cuba had so many natural resources, did her people live in misery?

Sample arithmetic problems:

> The unit of concentrate to make Coca Cola costs $64 today. Before, it cost $32 more. How much did the concentrate cost before?

> The workers of the port at Cienfuegos accomplished a great labor. They unloaded in only eight hours one thousand, six hundred and twenty-five sacks of rice. Each sack weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Write in figures the [number of] sacks they unloaded ——— and the weight of each ———.

But along with this indoctrination, workers are learning geography, physics, mathematics, the Spanish language, Cuban and world history. Workers who never had a grade-school education are now attending night classes after work; and this, as the teachers' instruction booklet says,

> . . . requires intense propaganda. The leaders of all organisms and levels must know that *seguimiento* faces a difficult task: To create in adults the habit of almost always attending class at night.

DESPITE these accomplishments, the general scarcity of goods, the production problems, the intense social pressure to be "revolutionary" and the poor administrative methods in some factories, have caused discontent among a number of industrial workers. The discontent is confined to a minority: it is clear to any objective observer—witness even a recent AP dispatch—that the majority of Cuba's workers are fervent supporters of the revolution. However, it is also clear that wherever we had the opportunity to interview workers we found, on the average, one-fifth of them who feel that the workers are either no better off now or are, in fact, worse off now than they were before the revolution. (This is not merely an impression, but rather data based on a systematic survey carried out in Cuba by my wife and myself during our recent visit.)

Often the discontent grows directly out of local situations: a poor administrator, unrepresentative union delegates, poorly functioning grievance commissions, unhealthy working conditions, etc. *There have been two strikes in Cuba within the past six months,* one in Havana and the other in a Las Villas paper factory. Both were settled, according to "Ché" Guevara, by replacing the factory administrator after investigation had disclosed that the workers' grievances were justified. Guevara was firm in his opinion that strikes stem from the malpractices of those in charge at all levels of the industry, and that strikes—while certainly not to be encouraged—are a necessary working-class weapon to be used when other methods fail.

IN MY talks with Jesús Soto, Organizational Secretary of the central labor organization, CTC-R, and with Carlos Fernández R., member of the CTC-R Executive Committee and editor of the CTC's journal, *Trabajo,* I obtained quite different impressions. Neither seemed to have even an elementary Leninist conception of the labor unions' role as defenders against "bureaucratic deformation" in a "Socialist society." Both stressed the unions' functions of raising the productivity of the workers and heightening their sense of dedication to their work. Neither mentioned that a union ought also to protect the immediate interests of the workers—although they did say that labor organizations should constantly consider means of improving working conditions and extending social services.

Paradoxically, this attitude toward the unions is apparently widespread among the workers themselves. They assert with evident conviction that the factories are now their own, that they run things themselves, that whatever grievances they have can easily be settled through discussion in open assembly. As one worker put it: "Look, *chico,* there's no reason to strike. I mean, well, we're our own bosses; we'd be striking against ourselves. That would be quite a picture, wouldn't it?"

This attitude is strengthened by the workers' knowledge that it is a rare administrator who earns more than the highest paid skilled worker in the same factory. Typical administrators earn the low salary of $350 a month; many earn no more than $250. The administrators in some factories we visited were formerly skilled workers in the same plants. Their salaries are relatively low not only because "Ché," the Minister of Industries, believes in this as a Socialist principle, but also because wages are frozen and administrators receive the same salaries they earned in their preceding jobs. Some of them do enjoy certain material "fringe" benefits: a car, for instance, if their work requires one.

But the fact is that in general—whether the cynical will believe it or not—the administrator's major gain has been in prestige. He doesn't even have status as the term is used in American industry: workers dash in and out of the offices of production chiefs, personnel directors and administrators without inhibition.

YET IT IS clear that the workers, who are supposed to participate in directing production, do not do so. Participation was supposed to take place through the Technical Advisory Councils, theoretically composed of the most dedicated and conscientious workers. Most workers, however, seem to be almost unaware of the councils' existence.

In contrast, the Grievance Commissions (*Comisiones de Reclamaciones*) have apparently succeeded to a great extent in gaining the workers' approval. The commissions are three-man bodies composed of representatives of (1) the factory administration, (2) the Ministry of Labor (elected by the workers), and (3) the factory work force (also elected by the workers). The commissions are empowered to decide questions involving workers' individual grievances, such as sick leaves, work transfers, dismissals and wages. Once a decision is taken, the worker concerned can appeal to an Appeals Commission, and even directly to the Minister. When I asked Jesús Soto and Carlos Fernández R. what a

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worker could do if, after going through the whole process of appeal, he was still unsatisfied, they apparently did not understand the implications of the question. "Ché," however, said that a worker could appeal to his union to intervene in his behalf, and involve it in the defense of what he considered his infringed rights.

EVEN when they thought the commissions "bureaucratic," most workers compared them favorably with the burdensome, lengthy and often corrupt process to which even the simplest grievance was subjected in pre-revolution days. In a way, past experience offers a serious obstacle to the development of an autonomous labor movement today. The pre-revolutionary labor movement was riddled with corruption and gangsterism (the Cubans called it "*pistolerismo*"), and was the instrument of the government against the workers. The "labor movement" consisted of a small coterie of "leaders" who, at a price, acted as middlemen for the government. Out of these dealings, some workers occasionally gained something. By tradition, then, Cuban workers are more or less accustomed to government tutelage and control.

The revolution's elimination of corruption and gangsterism in the labor movement has given the workers a naive faith in their present union leadership; they feel that these leaders are workers like themselves, and deserve their confidence. There is a ceiling of $300 a month on the salary a full-time union functionary can receive, and the workers know it. These functionaries do enjoy other benefits. (For instance, Lazaro Peña, Secretary General of the CTC-R, is not living in a worker's house, but in a fine apartment in Vedado, formerly belonging to an upper-class Cuban, and he has a car and chauffeur.) But these benefits are insignificant when compared to the wealth amassed by the corrupt union leaders of former regimes. As a result, the workers have made no attempt to shape their unions into independent organizational weapons prepared for any eventualities that the future may bring.

In only a few unions—such as the textile union at Ariguanabo or the tobacco union in Las Villas—did I discover union officials who had been active labor leaders before the revolution. Most labor officials today are young and inexperienced, without any personal following among the workers forged out of common struggles in the past; nor, in most cases, do they owe their positions to the workers. Only in a few factories that we visited had there been genuine elections in which several candidates competed for union offices. In most, a *candidatura unica*—one candidate for each office, selected by the ORI (Integrated Revolutionary Organizations) branch, and then "nominated" in general assembly—was the only choice available to the workers. It is true that other candidates could be nominated (most workers apparently had a clear conception of how nominations could be made); and the elections were carried out by secret ballot with a space provided for write-in candidates.

BUT THIS electoral system is hardly conducive to a genuine dialogue about union questions, or to the encouragement of workers' initiative and participation in union affairs. Worst of all, it gives them no experience in what representative democracy can be when it is not subject to manipulation, coercion and corruption, as the elections in Cuba had been. It deadens their sense of participation in the control of their own lives. It allows the unions to become instruments of the government rather than their own organizational weapon. (When I made this same criticism to "Ché," he agreed; he explained that the method of election did not represent government policy, but had been initiated within ORI at the local level, and was now in process of change. The fact that in some factories we found that there had been elections with several candidates tended to confirm "Ché's" statement.)

The most important of the old Communist labor leaders are now back in their positions. Their conception of the role of the trade-union movement—and of "the Party" and the working class—in a "Socialist" society is borrowed from Soviet experience. Five members of the thirteen-man Executive Committee of the CTC-R, and eleven of the Secretaries-General of the twenty-five national labor unions are old Communists. Most of the 26th of July labor leaders, if my discussions with some of them are any indication, do not differ noticeably from the Communists in their thinking.

But there are important labor officials whose views obviously never endeared them to the Communists. Octavio Louit, to cite one, was attacked repeatedly by the Communists during November, 1959, when he opposed a united union candidacy with them. When his name appeared, subsequently, on the list of members nominated for the new Executive Committee of the CTC, the Communist daily, *Noticias de Hoy*, vehemently opposed him. This same Octavio Louit is still on the Executive Committee, as Secretary of Labor Affairs, and is Organizational Secretary of the National Union of Railroad Workers. In a recent speech, reported in *Revolucion*, September 15, 1962,

> ... He affirmed that the Grievance Commissions must not be converted into instruments of the administrators, doing what the administrators consider just or convenient; although, of course, it is valuable to listen to their point of view equally to that of the union local.

One-third of the workers we interviewed throughout Cuba described their present attitudes as either "indifferent" or "hostile" to the Communists. This is true despite the fact that the leaders of the revolution, including Fidel himself, now publicly refer to themselves as "Communists," and that the youth organization of the projected United Party of the Socialist Revolution is called *Jovenes Comunistas*. Many workers who are "anti-Communist" are unquestionably *Fidelistas;* for them, Fidel and the revolution are one thing, while the Communists are quite another.

To us it appeared unquestionable that the vast majority of Cuba's workers — equipped with a small arsenal of modern weapons at every factory — are firmly behind Fidel Castro and the Revolutionary Government.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Combat in Orbit

CONFLICT IN SPACE. By M. N. Golovine. St. Martin's Press. 146 pp. $4.50.

Carl Dreher

MICHAEL GOLOVINE was born in Petrograd (now Leningrad) in 1903 and received his engineering training in England. He is presently managing director of Aerospace Technical Services Co., the evaluation, market and operational research unit of Hawker Siddeley Aviation Ltd. Briefly stated, Golovine's twin thesis is that the envelope of space extending from, say, 100 to 25,000 miles from the earth's surface may become the primary theatre of war, and that combat in this area may avert a holocaust on the earth. The figures are not Golovine's, but have been ascribed to U.S. Air Force General Bernard A. Schriever.

A part of the argument is unquestionably sound. Assuming that no surface nuclear war on a major scale breaks out in the next few years, orbital combat is a near-certainty. It is already in the preparatory stage. The U.S. Air Force is orbiting early models of "spy" satellites of various types. This is official U.S. policy; at the recent Air Force Association convention, Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert laid it on the line: "We in America have no choice but to extend our defenses as far as they need to be extended to save freedom on earth." These measures will be matched by the Soviets in the immemorial fashion of arms races. As Golovine says, ". . . the day must come when the Soviets will be compelled to take *official notice* of American reconnaissance, mapping and surveillance satellites overflying their territory." (Italics in original.)

When both sides are represented in space, they will proceed to apply the techniques of disabling each other's intelligence-gathering devices, and missile-killing systems if these become operational. This will be done, of course, with the loftiest motives — as Secretary Zuckert says, to save freedom, and on the part of the Soviets to defeat the designs of warmongering imperialists.

Besides these righteous defensive devices, the orbital or Damoclean bomb must be considered. In its early versions, at any rate, it will be inaccurate in comparison with the ICBM, and because of its predictable path it will be subject to destruction by the intended victim. It may even be diverted to a surprise target in the launch-nation, which would thus literally be hoist by its own petard. The OB does, however, have one important advantage from the standpoint of international comity. The ICBM cannot be recalled, the OB can. In fact, the launching of the OB (disregarding psychological considerations) is an act in itself hardly more threatening than the emplacement of a combat-ready ICBM on its pad. The OB can be brought down harmlessly by its masters if they so desire, or are forced to do so. The irremediable act is de-orbiting it to explode on target. Employed in this fashion, the OB might, in Golovine's words, "provide a reasonably dissuasive form of posthumous retaliation."

Psychology, to be sure, is a factor in these international pleasantries. At the outset the prospective victims would no doubt be more frightened or enraged by the OB than by the ICBM. This is in fact one of the arguments for its development, an argument that tells us something about the mentality of the scientists and politicians who dream up these devices and plan to put them to use. ". . . underground or underwater ballistic missiles," Golovine points out, "may gradually lose some of their deterrent value, particularly when public opinion becomes accustomed to threats and counter-threats by invisible and conceivably non-existent weapons. A bombardment satellite in orbit can be a permanent reminder of retaliatory power in being."

One must never underestimate the power of habituation and uneventful recurrence, however. The public may become as blasé about orbiting bombs as about sitting ones. Thus, those who launch the orbiters may be under the necessity of exploiting their blackmail value while they are still a novelty. After a few hundred passes these monsters may be taken for granted almost as a new research satellite is now — especially since, by the time the United States has orbital bombs, the USSR will no doubt have them too, or vice versa.

AS FOR the second part of the thesis — that limited war in orbit may save mankind — this seems to me very questionable. After the initial orbital engagement, Golovine foresees a stepping up of launchings and technical improvements on both sides, ultimately reaching the proportions of an orbital war of attrition. Hopefully, however, he believes that the ruling groups will try to confine the fighting up there and keep it from coming down here. He considers the possibility that a kamikaze-like state of mind might be engendered in the population of the loser, but foresees as more likely "a change of political regime which would permit the gradual adjustment of policies to those of the Power in command of aerospace."

I am not as ready as Golovine to dis-

At Benediction

How to compose my face? My shoulders
listen, good citizens, to any closing prayer;
my hands pretend they are saved. But
a shadow full of resource baffles itself
and inhabits my head so deceptively bowed.
All the prayer doesn't say, or says one way —
depends; and there are other things,
a consideration or so, my shoulders say.

Call back all sound into the prayer.
Fold the prayer in its self.
Beyond stained glass the world
brilliantly impends, restating its truth
all the time, too clear. I must close
my eyes. I must decline to hear.
The right thing will come sometime,
Amen. Somewhere.

William Stafford

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miss desperation, whether at the grass roots or in the high commands. The kamikaze mood is not the exclusive property of inflamed Japanese patriots facing defeat and it may well be a factor in future wars of the type Golovine envisions. Nor, in a broad sense, is it necessarily a state of mind which moral human beings should want to get rid of. In their differing ways Socrates, Christ, Giordano Bruno and the other heroic characters of history exemplified something akin to the kamikaze spirit. The Russian people certainly do not lack it. Whittaker Chambers tells the story of a twenty-year-old girl named Ragozinikova who, in 1907, wished to lodge a protest against the czarist government's policy of systematically beating political prisoners. She called on the commandant of the Central Prison in Petrograd and shot him dead. This official was not her real target. Her motive was to be brought into the presence of the staff of the Okhrana, the political police. She had thirteen pounds of dynamite and a detonator sewed into her dress and intended to blow up the headquarters, and incidentally herself. Unfortunately she was searched and the dynamite discovered. She was hanged, regretting only that she had failed.

IT IS pure supposition to rule out a surface Armageddon following the defeat of a great power in space. I find it no more plausible that a "realignment [by the orbital loser] with the policies and social structure [of the orbital winner]" would settle matters. Nations fight not for ideologies, but for national interests as conceived by their ruling groups and indoctrinated in the masses. The policies and social structures of Britain and Germany were essentially aligned before World War I; they and the other belligerents had a common interest in markets and colonies. As King Francis I observed three centuries earlier: "My cousin Charles and I are perfectly agreed: we both want Milan." Today Red China and the Soviet Union are on bad terms, though both are Communist. I fear Golovine is tailoring his prophecy, or extrapolation as he calls it, to a prejudged conclusion.

Another factor that must be considered is man's role in orbital combat. The U.S. Air Force purposes to send men to fight in space as soon as possible; in part this accounts for the flood of press agentry proclaiming the superiority of man to instruments in space. If, providentially, orbital conditions should prove

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so inclement that only robots can withstand them, the chances of limiting space wars would be improved. If only robot can fight robot, the contest could conceivably eventuate as the moral equivalent of war in a form that William James could not foresee; but in a spatial war of great dimensions there will always be the danger of its extension to earth.

GOLOVINE takes for granted the ever-tightening alliance between military and industrial-technological interests, and this seems to me in itself a disequilibrating factor. In effect, past wars were self-limited both by the low state of the industrial arts and the technological ignorance and lack of imagination of military leaders, even the greatest. Although Napoleon was an artillery officer and hence a member of the most advanced service, he gave no encouragement to the aspiring balloonists in the army and turned down Robert Fulton's naval inventions. Probably his principal innovation was prodigal expenditure of manpower. Wellington was no better: it was largely due to his influence that the British clung to "Brown Bess," the musket used at Waterloo, after demonstrably superior firearms had become available. Later, Haig thought the machine gun a "much overrated weapon"; it finally had to be forced on the British Army by Lloyd George. The resistance to the introduction of aircraft and tanks is of course notorious.

The extreme technicalization of combat dates back only to the Second World War and is now proceeding at an increasingly frenzied rate as preparations are made for war in orbital and cislunar space. A new type of soldier is developing—one in whom the attributes of the fighting man, the flier and the astronautical engineer are merged. A new type of general officer is also coming to the fore. An Air Force major general declares that we need a "surveillance system with a first-orbit capability for detecting, tracking, identifying and cataloguing all objects." His title is Commander of the Electronic Systems Division of the Air Force Systems Command. This is only one of dozens of happy hunting grounds for the prepared officer—or for the officer who, with an appearance of bluff efficiency, can ride herd on disputing scientist-engineers. These commanders may know their specialties (although evidence to the contrary often crops up) but as complexity is piled on complexity it is doubtful that anyone knows, any longer, where the Hydra-headed monster is going.

When something doesn't work, or seems vulnerable, another tier of complexity is summarily added. As has been said, the satellite bomber's fixed orbit lays it open to attack. Golovine cites a remedy: "systems with programmed or telecontrolled variable orbits . . . or else weapons monitored by manned orbital platforms." Or put a man in the bomb—making it a bomber—and he will program extempore and try to avoid being shot down.

If there is to be any control, it must be from the top, from hard-nosed individuals like Secretary of Defense McNamara and his engineering deputy, Dr. Harold Brown, neither of whom is at all popular with the aerospace industry or the military. The citizen and taxpayer, if he ever had any control over his fate in such areas, has certainly lost it. Helpless and ignorant as a medieval serf, he can be relied on to acquiesce and pay ad infinitum, in the hope of achieving a modicum of security for himself and his loved ones. All he actually gets is more complexity, more danger, more compulsive approach to the final disaster. Were it not sanctified by the patriotic motives of its promoters, it could qualify as the greatest con-game in history.

I feel, also, that Golovine is too credulous, even in some of his technical analysis. Discussing interception of ballistic missiles during the ascent phase, he says the boosters "are easily detected by their infra-red [heat] radiation." So, indeed, the U. S. Air Force believed when it embarked on the Midas project, but it turns out that the sensors are confused by innocuous sources of heat radiation, such as clouds reflecting sunlight. The Air Force, together with Lockheed, the prime contractor, is now being mildly criticized for not paying enough attention to the basic physics of the problem.

Moreover, Midas contains more than 60,000 components and a study made by a contractor hired by the Department of Defense indicated a probable operating life of *ten* hours before failure. Nothing daunted, the laborers in the Midas vineyard are proposing a combination of infrared and ultraviolet sensors (still more complexity) and other revisions, including a substantial increase in the number of satellites to be expensively sent aloft. Perhaps they will succeed: only $200 million has been spent so far. But it isn't, as Golovine thought as late as May of this year, going to be easy.

This illustrates a basic weakness in Golovine's method of research. I sympathize with his difficulty, for it is my own, and that of every outside critic of the arms race who presumes to meet its promoters on their own ground. His principal sources of technical information are the American weeklies *Aviation Week & Space Technology* (McGraw-Hill), *Missiles & Rockets* (American Aviation Publications) and the monthly *Astronautics* (American Rocket Society). These magazines do, indeed, provide a great deal of information, but the first two necessarily represent the aerospace industry and the hopes, aspirations and empire-building of the Air Force. On all counts, therefore, their reports must be diluted with a considerable amount of skepticism, especially in the early stages of a project, when promotional joy runs unconfined.

Let Golovine compare the prospectuses and the reports, one or two or five years later, of the partial successes and outright failures. Not that he will ever encounter a conceded failure. Failures become the bases for later-generation, even more complex systems, much as in the Catholic faith the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. But he will see what I mean.

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'Mr. What's-His-Name'

STAND STILL LIKE THE HUMMINGBIRD. By Henry Miller. New Directions. 194 pp. $4.

R. A. O'Brien

HENRY MILLER describes this collection as "strongly critical of our way of life" although "strictly kosher." He insists on his Americanism. He is more American than his readers, "only against the grain." And, as he observes, this puts him in the tradition. He is one with all the great American social critics and rebels, from "Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson" to Lewis and Mencken, to go no further forward or backward. The individual is celebrated in these pieces. In a letter to Lawrence Durrell, Miller once said that our troubles are mostly social. The social pattern remains the same, fundamentally, and "It gets more thwarting all the time—for the born individualist."

The theme, then, is that the artist in America is still "suspect, still regarded as a menace to society." The conformists are the petted and pampered of society. This Miller calls the "dominant note." The "subdominant" note is: "Don't wait for things to change, the hour of man is now and, whether you are working at the bottom of the pile or on top, if you are a creative individual you will go on producing, come hell or high water. And this is the most you can hope to do."

Having stated his premises thus, Miller gives us the image from which the title of this collection is taken: "When you find you can go neither backward nor forward . . . when you realize that all the exits are blocked, either you take to believing in miracles or you stand still like the hummingbird." This figure, as Miller expands it, proves to be a highly condensed, powerfully evocative expression of his characteristic personal vision. The individual always triumphs by realizing that "the honey is always there, right under your nose. . . ." Miller is—to a foreigner at least—the most vivid, living embodiment of a clear, direct, naive way of seeing that is the greatest single contribution of American writing; the kind of vision we have in childhood and which most of us are never able to evoke thereafter. In all his work Miller is able to adapt this vision so that it is just as effective in illuminating the "human predicament" as it is in creating the atmosphere of Paris or New York.

The fact is that Henry Miller is a poet because he is able to pass on to us the joy, the clarity of perception which he experiences and which we crave. He says in one of these essays, "My Life as an Echo," that English critics often complain that he never writes about anything but himself. He admits it cheerfully but does not go on to make the obvious point, that this is what makes his work vibrate with life. No matter what he is writing, no matter how factual and objective he tries to be, he himself keeps bubbling into view like a life-enhancing stream of clear, shockingly cold water.

E. E. Cummings once said that the goal of a poet is to be nobody but yourself. Miller, in this particular essay, puts it this way: "My ideal is to become thoroughly anonymous—a Mr. What's-his-name. Or just George, like the iceman. In short, I am at my best when nobody knows me, nobody recognizes me. When I am just another nobody, in other words." But this is just his way of being nobody but himself. He simply has never "longed to be a somebody." He just wanted to write, and the "rosy crucifixion" he later was to use as a title was, as he here acknowledges, the experience that came to him when he began writing seriously.

YOU will not find in this book (or in any other of Miller's writings) an explanation of what place his apparent obscenity has in his total thought. He often refers to himself flippantly as obscene ("a nine-day wonder in the realm of obscenity, farce, mysticism and obscurantism"). But you will find here the basic thoughts which rule all his work. He believes that we need only be true to our own best instincts, to put it briefly. Greed, hate, lust, fear are all destructive of life. They are imports into the human sphere. Love is natural but it always has to fight against the desire to gain something. It is only when we are finally able to ". . . behave as brothers and sisters, follow our hearts not our minds, play not work, create and not add invention upon invention" that we live free.

Henry Miller is un-American in that he is unselfconscious, solitary, unafraid of the crowd; but he is American in his racy and evocative language, his unabashed confrontation of all manner of obstacles, even the metaphysical ones, and in his open, childlike heart which is something every man who can read him must love and cherish him for revealing.

R. A. O'BRIEN is editor of the editorial page of The Whig-Standard, *Kingston, Ontario.*

Ellipsis

And if there are some people
whose gait in life
is more a stammer
than a smooth elision,
why not credit them
with fashioning of their days
a secret or a special meaning?

In the tiny hand
of the sullen Negro girl
I saw the elegant likeness
of a duck she had modeled,
her gaze resting elsewhere.

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RUN, DIG OR STAY? Dean Brelis. Beacon Press. $3.50.

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THE WARFARE STATE. Fred J. Cook. Foreword by Bertrand Russell. Macmillan. $4.95.

A considerably expanded version of "Juggernaut," first published as a special issue of *The Nation*. (Oct. 28, 1961.)

THE INTELLECTUAL VERSUS THE CITY. Morton and Lucia White. Harvard and M.I.T. Presses. $5.50.

Against the deterioration of the modern city, the authors set the fact that America's leading minds, from Jefferson to John Dewey, from Emerson to Frank Lloyd Wright, have shown scant enthusiasm for urban life and devoted scant attention to urban problems.

PORTRAIT OF INDIA. Bradford Smith. Lippincott. $5.95.

An account based on three years spent by the author and his wife as directors of the Quaker International Center in Delhi. One section appeared in *The Nation*.

INDIA'S CHINA POLICY. P. C. Chakravarti. Indiana University Press. $4.95.

The author, a journalist, offers views in sharp conflict with official Indian policy.

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A scholarly book that gives the background of today's Southern racial conflict.

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. Joseph Wood Krutch. Sloane. $5.

The autobiography of a teacher, journalist, naturalist who was for twenty-six years the drama critic of *The Nation*.

MAN ALONE: Alienation in Modern Society. Edited, with an introduction by Eric and Mary Josephson. Dell. 95c paper.

A well-edited collection of papers and studies. Two sections — by Harvey Swados and Alan Harrington — appeared in *The Nation*, to which Eric Josephson also contributes.

THE DESEGREGATED HEART: A Virginian's Stand in Time of Transition. Sarah Patton Boyle. Morrow. $5.

A descendant of the old South tells of her involvement in the present anguished drama of race in Virginia. Sections appeared in *The Nation*.

JEENEY RAY: Iris Dornfeld. Viking. $3.50.

A first novel that narrates with poetic intensity the growth of an unflinching spirit within a halting body. "A big little story of terror and triumph that runs on like a song, making its own music as it goes. . . ."—John K. Hutchens, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*. The author is the wife of Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation*.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF DURING the intermission of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* (Shubert Theatre) I had yielded to the pressure (which several friends put on me) to say what I thought of the show, I might have blurted something like "I find it a little dull, but I like it" or conversely "I think it interesting, but I don't like it."

Such a reply might have been even more confusing than cagey: it certainly could not have been considered an opinion. (Why must one always have an opinion? This is a pertinent question, even for a critic; or should I say especially for a critic!) But to some extent it is still the way I feel about the show.

When I saw it first in London last March and in passing mentioned it favorably in *The Nation* I was taken to task, challenged in fact, by a leading and thoroughly intelligent American director. I explained in defense that what interested me chiefly about *Stop the World* (apart from its very clever title) was its reflection of the general spiritual climate in England at present. It is not so much a pessimistic or iconoclastic state of mind as a wryly querulous one. It is dissatisfied, distrustful without true rebelliousness or firm conviction. It is essentially an expression of discomfort, and one notices in the present instance that the parts of the stage action which stand for "I want to get off" are ventriloquistically rendered in a sort of infantile puling. Still, for all the impulse to deflate and jeer, the temper of the English in this vein somehow manages to remain genial, wistful —even "nice."

Stop the World, etc., billed as a "new-style musical," with book, music and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley—who is also its director and star—is "different." Much of it is pantomime; it has only eleven people in its cast (including the "chorus"). Its set by Sean Kenney is, like the show itself, abstract; if it were taken to represent anything, it would be a circus tent. It has no "story." It is a sort of allegory: the life of the common man, here designated as Littlechap.

We see him "born," see him take his first faltering and astonished steps into the world. We hear him learning his alphabet—in song. He grows up in

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hardship (a boys' reformatory is referred to), then marries a well-born typically English girl (another song) after he has made her pregnant. He did not wish to marry so he complains in what is virtually the theme song of the show, "I Have Been Lumbered." His prosperous father-in-law gives him a job in Sludgepool (any industrial town north of London) and he expresses his will to succeed in one of the better songs, "Gonna Build a Mountain." He accomplishes this dreary task and is promoted to a post in Moscow. Anna Quayle—the principal lady—who at first and throughout the performance plays Littlechap's wife—now appears, in her permanent leotard (the show does not require changes of costumes) as a "typically" Russian girl. Rather trite jokes about the Russians follow. Littlechap has an affair with the Russian girl, gets her with child, a little boy who expires in pantomime. Littlechap returns to his family where the children find it difficult to communicate with their parents. Father and mother bicker and quarrel in accredited (discredited) middle-class fashion. (Song title: Nag! Nag! Nag!) Littlechap hires a German maid —whom Miss Quayle also impersonates. She is a Valkyrie—and her scenes are more pronouncedly anti-German than the Russian scenes are anti-Soviet. (It is interesting to observe that this contrast was more pleasing to the London audience than it seems to be to ours.)

Littlechap's next stop is America. Miss Quayle, now an American girl who works in a night club, purrs and simpers like a musical comedy ingenue of 1912. On his return to England Littlechap, increasingly successful, stands for Parliament and is elected. His speeches are Mumbo Jumbo. He is knighted. One of his daughters is married under the same awkward circumstances that trapped him in matrimony. His heart begins to fail. He sentimentally recalls his loyal wife who for all her "typical" propriety was sweet. He dies asking himself "What Kind of a Fool Am I?"—a song of which the first musical phrase or its delivery proves touching. Another Littlechap is "born." The circle is complete. The clown show (or circus) goes on.

Stop the World has form and style: these are genuine virtues. It has two faults: no single element of its execution is first-rate. The set functions in a drably neutral fashion. The music is pleasant but thin. Newley is certainly versatile: he does everything. Quite apart from his share of the authorship, he mimes, sings and comments on the action. But none of these things are done with any special flair. Miss Quayle is a sturdy and likable revue artiste. In a word, the fabric of the show is dilettante or amateur. Its atmosphere seems to be more suited to an intimate cabaret than to the stage of a large theatre.

The show's second fault is the basic banality of its content. Its ideology is a dilution of the theatre of the absurd in British middle-class terms. It is a lighter and sweeter compound of the message from the angry young men.

Yet I cannot bring myself to reject it, and not only because it departs from the norm—which is always to be welcomed. There is something modestly and warmly affecting about it, a quality almost entirely absent from our more efficient and richly endowed musicals. The possession of this warmth—like a personal friendliness—is what seemed to engage the second-night audience despite the rather poor notices the show had received that morning. The dispirited and stereotyped "meaning" of the show is not as sensible to us as its smiling forbearance, for which many are sure to prove grateful.

So I must end this review with a further and grosser ambiguity than my first reaction by saying: See *Stop the World* at your own risk—you may enjoy it!

ART

Hilton Kramer

ANYONE who has ever encountered a fine collection in a private home, where art may be felt to have a moral as well as a decorative function, knows how affecting such an experience can be—and knows, too, how utterly removed it is from one's normal museological wanderings. What is at best distracting, and more often a plain nuisance, in a public museum—the talk and the manners, the physical and psychological presence, of others—takes on in the privacy of a man's home, and of his life, an entirely different dimension. The individual human context provides an ambience, a measure of feeling and value, that is the very antithesis of the institutional void. To see a work of art in relation to an individual life and sensibility other than one's own is to see it removed from the timeless and anonymous world of the museum and restored once again to the limits of human existence. Paradoxically, it is only in this relatively private context that we see art confirmed in its social function.

There is no use pretending that this context can be sustained once a collection is separated from the life which might have inspired it. Transferred to museum walls, thrown open to the company of strangers once again and enlisted in the abstract uses to which museums put them, works of art quickly revert to their orphaned status and speak to us, if at all, in the private whisper to which our museological experience has accustomed us.

This, surely, is the case with the Louis E. Stern Collection currently at the Brooklyn Museum. One assumes

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this collection had a meaning of a sort for Mr. Stern himself, who died earlier this year at the age of seventy-five. Professor Meyer Schapiro, a reliable witness, speaks of the collection as "the fruit of [Stern's] fifty years' communion with art," and one imagines that it brought great pleasure to those who were able to enjoy it in its owner's company. But this is not a pleasure it can any longer yield. Apart from its remarkable collection of books and two or three exceptional pictures, it is not a great, or even a notable, collection. It abounds not only in the second-rate, but in works that are trivial when not inexcusably poor. That some of these have come from names we have reason to honor as among the most exalted in modern art—Renoir, Redon, Vuillard, Picasso, etc.—does not improve their quality one jot. Nor does the feeble quality of works by lesser-known artists, mostly American, enhance one's respect for the taste which dictated their choice.

The exceptional pictures in the collection are Rousseau's *Un soir de carnaval* and Pascin's *Girl in a Blue Bonnet.* Of the five small Courbets, only one, *L'orée de la forêt* (c. 1860), approaches —even if it falls short of—the best work of this great painter, and among the many Chagalls, a painting called *Oh God* (1919) is especially arresting. It is in the graphic art and the astonishing collection of books that the real quality of the collection is to be found. The little gallery hung with fine prints by Mary Cassatt, Pissarro, Manet, Picasso and others, and through which one enters the main exhibition, creates an expectation of quality which the pictures can only disappoint. Here, too, are the twenty-four books, illustrated with etchings, woodcuts and lithographs by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Derain, Kokoschka, Matisse, Picasso and others. But precisely because of their great interest these are saddening in another respect. They must have meant a great deal to their owner. Professor Schapiro says of Stern that "He loved books and made it a point to have all the books that contained original etchings, lithographs and woodcuts by modern masters." But now, condemned to public use and yet prevented by their rarity from being actually used by the public, one wonders how often their pages will ever *again* be turned.

WITH the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection, of which the 444 sculptures now installed at the Guggenheim Museum are only a part, we are in another world altogether. It bears about the same relation to an intimate private collection that the highway supermarket bears to one's pantry shelf. Everything (or almost everything) to satisfy one's own taste and interests is there, and then there is more than enough left over to satisfy practically everybody else's interests. This is without doubt one of the greatest collections of modern sculpture in the world. It far outdistances in scope and quality even the few museum collections that can boast of an adequate representation of modern sculpture. These are remarkably few, for museums have been notoriously hesitant and confused in their selection of sculpture even where their choice of paintings has been beyond reproach. In this country only the Museum of Modern Art can rival the Hirshhorn holdings, in quality and in the range of ideas represented, if not in actual numbers.

But this is surely not a *private* collection in any meaningful sense; it is simply another museum in the making. The Hirshhorn Collection is institutional collecting of a high order, but it is institutional all the same. It has a distinct, though by no means disturbing, bias, which is in favor of the figurative and somewhat shy of (rather than hostile toward) the more radical, modernist, open-space sculpture. (Gonzalez and Gabo, though included, are among the few twentieth-century masters not adequately represented, whereas one finds an abundance of works—some of breathtaking beauty—by Manzù and Renoir and Giacometti.) A recital of names would be pointless, however, for the history of sculpture from Daumier (represented by thirty-six works) to the present moment is traced out in the collection with few significant omissions.

WHAT may be of more interest here is to note the extent to which the collection conforms to its institutional character. Where professional opinion has more or less agreed on the status of a reputation, Mr. Hirshhorn has bought heavily—and for the most part, bought well. But where opinion remains divided or unformed, which is still largely the case with younger living artists, his choices are hesitant and cautious in the extreme. With the exception of Leonard Baskin (a vulgarian whose work conforms to the worst element in Mr. Hirshhorn's bias), his selection of the younger and lesser-known sculptors is apparently not motivated by any compelling principle or commitment. One has the impression that Mr. Hirshhorn follows critical opinion very closely. Many an author of illustrated articles on current sculpture over the past decade must have the feeling, on walking through the exhibition at the Guggenheim, that Big Brother had been watching him with a careful eye.

As for the physical installation at the Guggenheim, the director, Thomas Messer, has done his best with an impossible task. This building will never provide a happy or commodious atmosphere for the study or enjoyment of paintings and sculpture. Indeed, its design drives home to us with a vengeance exactly how anonymous and atomized our public experience with art normally is—how distant it remains from the emotions one may expect to share with a collection that is genuinely personal and thus truly sociable.

The form of it

It is seldom as it was this summer.
They stand by the lake,
son and father.
On the sand are bones,
a man's skeleton,
which they piece together
carefully, agreeing
this goes here, that there.

Jacob Leed

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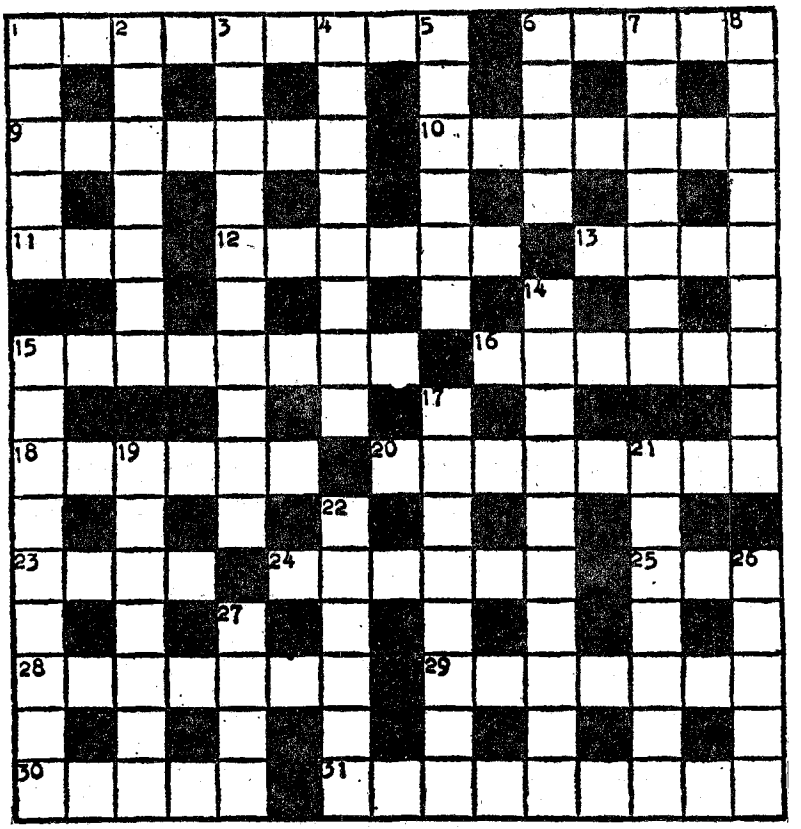
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Attic expansion in serial form. (9, 5)
9 A poet is quite a change from those that put one to sleep. (7)
10 A spot where one might get to talk with liquid French, in a way. (7)
11 Haggard woman? (3)
12, 13 and 23 A vehement denial of how a close quarters engagement was ended. (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)
15 Weekends, they appear in both the store and T.V. (8)
16 Hood work placed it between seam and band, band and seam. (6)
18 Observing what the broken bell has to offer? (6)
20 Rood, approached by the hungry wayfarer, perhaps. (8)
23 See 12 across
24 Place where they have to cause confusion to get to rob one. (6)
25 and 27 down Newt will be shortly finished, again! (7)
28 What happens when man's best friends are stolen? They appear in the park! (3, 4)
29 Does he answer questions about departings only? (7)
30 Look! The way one hurried has helped determine one's position! (5)
31 Iron king, for example? (If you can bear it, you'll possibly be permitted on the scene.) (5, 4)

DOWN:

1 The lamb variety, possibly, but if they have ticks they're probably oriental. (5)
2 If you've change for a ten, I've a feeling one is a sucker for having it! (7)
3 Are the good sort used if the pavement goes deep down? (10)
4 One way to nettle us, obviously! (8)
5 Does it suggest DKK goes bad? (6)
6 The face of Al. (4)
7 It's not pleasant, but one rousing composition loses spirit, in a way. (7)
8 Vulgar gentlemen are confused in your environment, boy! (9)
14 Dollar-a-year men as Directors—for the Teamsters Union, perhaps. (10)
15 Estate manager. (9)
17 Bill associated with the Old Navy? (A sticky problem is presented by it.) (8)
19 Horse or pig in part. (7)
21 A canoe I wrecked getting some place in the Pacific. (7)
22 How a court game might start, even now. (4-2)
26 Worn-out vehicles might be. (5)
27 See 25 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 980

ACROSS: 1 Farthingale; 9 and 11 Cartouch; 10 Mecca; 12 Slacker; 13 Glasses; 15 and 25 Two on the aisle; 16 Driver; 18 Cheeks; 21 Archduke; 24 Scratch; 26 Mallets; 28 Lens; 29 and 7 Barn swallow; 30 Ewes; 31 Pertinacity. DOWN: 2 Artichoke; 3 Tempest; 4 Itch; 5 Gnarled; 8 Accede; 14 and 6 Medallions; 17 Indulgent; 19 Hacked; 20 Sackbut; 22 Classic; 23 Kitten; 27 Iron.

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